

# Good Morning 299

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Dick Gordon Presents

## STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO



### Glamour business is tough!

IT'S getting tougher every day, this glamour girl business. Time was when a feminine star could figure on at least one clear day a week, even when her picture was in production.

But it's rapidly becoming different. With the shortage of men getting more and more acute, stories are being written in which all the burden of the acting falls on the women. And the women have to be "iron men" to take it!

Ginger Rogers did not have a single day off during camera work on Paramount's "Lady in the Dark." When she was not actually before the main camera she was recording songs, making "transparencies" or rehearsing dances. In fact, she had been working six hours a day on her dance routines for three weeks before the cameras turned.

Ingrid Bergman's only days off during the forty-three she worked in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" were spent travelling from the studio to the High Sierra location and back. And running all around those mountains at an altitude of 10,000 feet was something which a self-respecting feminine star wouldn't even have thought of in the old days.



JOY BLYTHE

NOW poise the pin again—and prod the list of London's lovelies—Joy Blythe is the name at the point—here she is, a luscious dark brown beauty who dances in "Panama Hattie." When Joy was quite a little girl her mother took her to a panto. "That's for me," the girlie declared, "I'm going on the stage." Mother said "O.K."—father said "No." Joy went back to her North London school, and the newspaper supplied the breakfast topics for the next few months. Meantime, Joy had been taking two afternoons off from school to attend dance lessons. At 14, she thought she knew it all and broke the news at home that she was going to see Vivien Van Damm at the Windmill Theatre.

She had an audition, got a job and realised she knew next to nothing about dancing and the stage.

That was several years ago—she learned all that showman could teach her by working her five shows a day, and she joined a touring company.

"Then life got really tough," she told me. "What with fifth-rate accommodation, poor pay and show managers who expect just everything a girl has for any part of a show, it was hard not to give up and go home to mother."

BUT Joy made the grade and won through to the top. The tough going hasn't made her hard, but it has given her what it takes to face any audience, and a name that will get her into any show in London. Joy spends many of her spare hours at her father's umbrella factory—teaching some of the girls the rudiments of stage dancing.

Her other interests centre

around her future (she says she either wants to make a big name or be married), her prize collection of goldfish, and home cooking. When any of the other girls give a party at home they always ask Joy around—to do the cooking, because she has mastered most recipes in most cook books.

That's Joy Blythe—that's a London chorus girl—she's one of hundreds whom hard work has made one in a hundred.

BOOK a seat on the magic carpet and come to Paradise...

O.K.—de-bus, we're here. It's a lovely island, and inhabited by women and ruled over by a queen who runs her kingdom on beehive lines.

When a new man lands on the island, he is married off to one of the girls and, two months after the ceremony, is offered the choice of jumping off the cliffs or setting out in a small boat to sea.

Into this strange community come four airmen: Arthur Askey, Max Bacon, Peter Graves and Ronald Shiner.

You have to pay to get the rest of the story, though I think you'd be well advised to leave it to your imagination.

It's a jolly little film that out-scanties any of Cantor's scantily-clothed chorus, and with the funny men are Anne Shelton, who sings all the time, and Valerie Tandie, who looks good enough to pin up.

Talking of Tandie—in step-ins she takes another step up the ladder—that to her is looking shorter and shorter. She's going places, this gal—in the film she's the one who can't stop talking.

The film is called "Bees In Paradise."

## Can we change earth?

asks W. Fawcett

A WORLD transformation scene is taking shape today on the drawing boards of the big engineering firms.

In a quiet country mansion, where a London engineering firm has established its wartime offices, six men pore over blue-prints every day, and scheme a new life for millions of people.

They are planning a vast new system of irrigation which will transform over 21,000,000 acres of Indian desert into fertile and fruitful land.

Russia is planning the reclamation within 15 years of 10,000,000 acres of swamp-land. In America, a recent treaty of co-operation between Canada and the U.S.A. provides for the building of a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. Great inland cities will then become important ports and vast developments should occur in both industry and land development.

It will be worth it, even at the estimated cost of £160,000,000.

American engineers recently decided that it would be too expensive to tunnel beneath a mountain to get at a rich lode of copper ore, so they're taking the mountain away.

The work will take five years, and may cost £7,500,000 before a pound of copper is taken out: yet it will prove the cheapest way in the end, and the lode will yield 5,000,000,000 pounds of copper in a new type of daylight mining.

## RON RICHARDS says "THANK YOU, A.B. J. R. STEWART"

I'M not much of a hand at letter-writing, I must confess, so please forgive this effort. That's one way of starting, I think, and as that happens to be true I will start that way. Secondly, etiquette says I should thank you for your letter. So, Able Seaman J. R. Stewart, I thank you for your letter from H.M. Submarine "Sickle" to "Good Morning."

There were twelve pages in your letter; each page has been read and digested by every member of the staff. My colleagues here, in turn, take the pen to tender their sincere thanks.

There's little more I can say in that respect, except to underline that our thanks are wholehearted.

You see, we don't get very many letters from our readers, so we never really know how you like or dislike our efforts. When we do get a detailed criticism such as yours we are more grateful than you could possibly imagine. Naturally, we are particularly cheered in your case because you like the paper, and we welcome frankness about unpopular features.

YOU were kind enough to tell us about you and your shipmates. Here again we are glad, because by knowing you we are better able to understand your tastes.

Perhaps you might like to hear about us? The best way of achieving that object would be for us to meet behind glasses. I hope you will keep your promise of looking us up when you get to London. (That also goes for the nousey guys who are peeking at your letter, Mr. Stewart.)

Meantime, though, let me introduce them. Space doesn't permit individual introductions right now, so meet us as a whole. We are a happy-go-lucky crew with one aim.

We have mostly seen some active service in the last or this war, and in "Good Morning" we are trying to carry on with our pens where we put down the sword, and therein lies the weight of your letters, because every one of us would rather get out than waste valuable space with useless matter.

So much for us. Let's get back to your letter again.

So you like the Windmill girls? I do, too.

Believe me, they are a grand set of lovelies—and I don't mean only to look at. I interviewed every girl at the theatre, and their interest in this paper was deeper than just shooting lines and showing off their curves to sell stall tickets.

Talking of showland, Dick Gordon assures me he will keep you up-to-date, and points out that all the requests you made have appeared since your letter was posted.

I'm a Londoner, too, and can appreciate your desire for pictures of the good old "smoke." Okay, they are coming up! London Bridge, Kew Gardens, Hyde Park Corner, and the "Dilly." How will that do for a start?

So Jane is number one better-out-of-bed, eh? Same here, too; she's staff favourite with a short-head lead on Jake and Buck Ryan.

Regarding the good-luck messages from celebrities—that's a good idea and will be taken care of.

I was particularly glad to hear that you like the home stories and pictures. With photographers George Greenwell and George Nixon, I have made over a hundred personal calls, from Wiltshire to Scotland, and find these visits to be the most agreeable assignments a reporter could possibly have.

Your girl friend and mother have been added to the list, and we will be calling soon. On receipt of your letter we notified them that you were fit and well.

Your "haggis" pal's adopted pin-up girl, who appeared in No. 79 hasn't been traced yet, but I'll keep you posted, and promise to introduce her to you personally when you get home if it's humanly possible.

Just remains for me to wish you all the luck in the world now, sailor, but I would like to ask one question: What exactly did you mean by the remark that my "findings" were discussed with alacrity at breakfast? By findings, did you mean Windmill girls?

Cheerio, Good Hunting, and a safe return.

Yours sincerely,

Ron Richards

Employment Exchanges, formerly known as Labour Exchanges, first opened in England in 1909.

London streets were first lighted in 1681 by oil lamps, and 130 years passed before gas took the place of oil.

There are two kinds of larceny: Simple, which is theft apart from accompanying aggravation; and compound, which is theft accompanied by assault or forced entry into premises.

The French Legion of Honour has five grades: Grands Croix, Grands Officiers, Commandeurs, Officiers, and Chevaliers. It was instituted by Napoleon.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

A personal chattel which had been the cause of a person's death—such as a cart which had run over and killed a man—was termed "deodand" in old English law. The deodand was forfeited to the King to be applied to religious uses. The law was abolished in 1846.

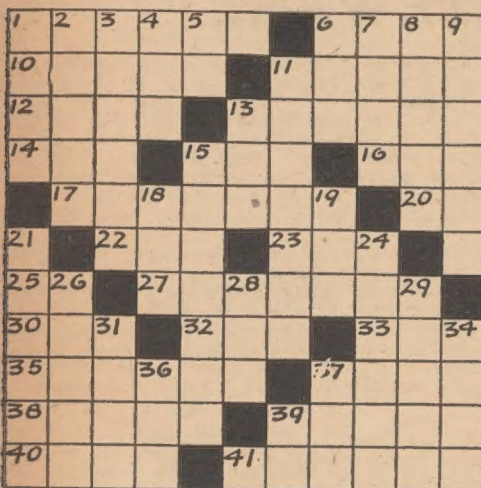
It is said that the Government is not disclosing its plans for the rebuilding of London for fear of speculators buying up sites against future appreciation of prices. Even before the First World War, high prices were realised on land in the City. Freehold plots in the centre were priced at £75 a square foot, or £3,250,000 an acre; in the Strand they cost £20 a square foot, and in Bond Street £35 a square foot.

Bath Abbey contains so many windows that it is known as "The Lantern of England." It was a Popish service held at Bath Abbey by James II that induced Bishop Ken to sign the invitation to William of Orange, though he afterwards repented and became a Non-Juror.



## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Easily acquired. 6 Burden.



10 Not ignorant.  
11 Reel.  
12 Limited.  
13 Fame.  
14 Do winter sports.  
15 Male animal.  
16 Wet food.  
17 Furnished.  
20 Dealing with.  
22 Empty space.  
23 Bone.  
25 Erect.  
27 Least amount.  
30 Antagonist.  
32 Batsman's stroke.  
33 Vehicle.  
35 Book's shape and size.  
37 Scottish island.  
38 Become member.  
39 Stop.  
40 File.  
41 Boy's name.

JAMB CARAFE  
LAYMEN SIX  
COME DAPPLE  
HUM DEGREE  
ADAGE RINSE  
S OF AM A  
METRE MEANT  
TIGRIS WOE  
RULERS DARN  
ODE ELVERS  
BESIDE WEEK

## CLUES DOWN.

1 Head coverings. 2 Became active. 3 Attractive.  
4 Exclaim. 5 Personal pronoun. 6 Sound of waves.  
7 Responsibility. 8 Personator. 9 Intensity.  
11 Bad quality. 13 Rank. 15 Of current interest.  
18 Female animal. 19 Obscure. 21 Stupid person.  
24 Clasp. 26 Town in Bombay province.  
28 Fruit. 29 Town chief. 31 Goes astray. 34 Curved.  
36 Swab. 37 Cry brokenly. 39 Short company.

## QUIZ for today

1. A koss is a Portuguese bird, Indian measure, Tibetan house, Spanish friar, Egyptian coin?
2. Who wrote (a) Lady Audley's Secret, (b) The Secret Sharer?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Brass, Copper, Zinc, Tin, Iron, Lead, Aluminium?
4. What is the fastest known insect, and what is its speed?
5. In what sport is a "lady paramount" elected?
6. On which side of the road does one drive in South Africa?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Feigning, Forteenth, Fenestral, Farsical, Faldstool, Feudal?
8. With what game do you associate Henry Cotton?
9. Who offered a kingdom in exchange for a horse?

10. From what point did Dick Whittington hear Bow Bells?
11. Of what country is Port Moresby the capital?
12. Name four composers whose names begin with B.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 298

1. Priest.
2. (a) Matthew Arnold, (b) Keats.
3. Cobalt is blue; others are red.
4. He was a shepherd.
5. Cakes (or buns).
6. Leda.
7. Inconsistent, Irrelevant.
8. Daughter of a lighthouse keeper, who rescued sailors.
9. From snake bite.
10. Tibet.
11. Molly Malone.
12. Franz Hals, Hogarth, Holman Hunt, Hobbema, etc.

## WANGLING WORDS—254

- 1.—Put poetry in MRN, and make up-to-date.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of LO NATION'S HERO, and name him (two words).
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BILL into JACK, HANTS into YORKS, AYE into YES, COOK into MEAT.
- 4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from DEMONSTRATION.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 253

- 1.—TroubleD.
- 2.—IL TROVATORE.
- 3.—HOSE, HOPE, COPE, CORE, SORE, SORT, SOOT, SHOT, SHOE.  
COOK, CORK, PORK, PERK, PEAK, BEAK, BEAN, BEEN, BEEF.  
WIDE, WILE, WILL, WALL, BALL.  
STONY, STONE, SHONE, SHORE, SHARE, SHARK, SHACK, SLACK, CLACK, CRACK, TRACK, TRACE, BRACE, BRAKE, BROKE.
- 4.—Deep, Deed, Peer, Reap, Pare, Pear, Peat, Tape, Date, Edit, Tide, Pate, Dean, Dine, Node, Done, Dart, Darn, Dear, Read, Reed, Deer, Tier, Rite, Tire, etc.  
Stain, Satin, Saint, Speed, Stead, Steed, Stand, Trend, Tread, Train, Nitre, Trine, Trade, Drain, Dread, Strip, Strap, Treat, Stone, etc.

## 'I met Señor Roger Casement'

## EL SEÑOR BURKY

## The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

## PART X

THE vampire-bat wounds were mere needle-like punctures, but reached right down to the bone. Nothing would stop the bleeding. No sooner did the wounds seem healed than a bath or a short walk would start the bleeding all over again. I had almost resigned myself to the death of a kosher chicken when I found that a dressing of charred linen staunched the flow.

In a few days I was as strong as ever, and ready to fight my own weight in bumble-bees. I cannot say that the food at Abisinia had much to do with my recovery, for Aguerro kept all the best of the canned food for himself. We others fed on rice, flavoured alternately with salmon and sardines, but so slightly that we only discovered which by consulting the calendar. As for the peons, they were permitted arroz blanco, or white rice, whenever Aguerro had a birthday—as much as they could eat of it.

But, though nobody suspected it at the time, the carefree reign of the old-time managers was nearing its end. Over in Colombia the bottom fell out of a proposed railway some-

where along the Parana river, the sort of thing which was always happening round about 1909. In consequence, two unknown American civil engineers found themselves out of a job. Their names were Perkins and Hardenburg. It was Hardenburg who told me the story afterwards, at the Continental in Iquitos.

Although Peru and Colombia were having one of their usual little wars, the two engineers took canoe and paddled past the frontier to El Encanto, Julio Arana's headquarters on the Parana. Like La Chorrera, it was the nucleus of ten sub-plantations. Señor Loayza, the

manager, put the pair up until he was able to send them down to Iquitos in the "Liberal." Hardenburg, during the stay in El Encanto, made inquiries into such atrocities as killing, flogging, raping of native women, and general ill-treatment of rubber-gatherers. He wrote down what he heard, and got his informants to sign the statements.

When he landed in Iquitos he was broke, and had to borrow a hundred dollars from the American Consul. Soon he blossomed out into a "Professor of English," with a regular column in the daily paper, secured a couple of dozen private pupils, and kicked the wolf some distance from his door.

Then Hardenburg settled down to a little serious writing, describing what he had seen and heard in the Putumayo. No doubt in order to secure expert criticism, he submitted his efforts to Julio Arana himself, together with the signed statements. The great rubber man was so impressed that he offered to buy the manuscript outright, perhaps with the intention of publishing it, though I have heard people doubt it. I have never been able to find out the amount of Arana's offer, which Hardenburg refused. Maybe it was not very big.

Next, Hardenburg sent Perkins up to the United States to exercise his engineering skill on whatever political strings and wires he could get his hands on.

But the mechanics of politics were too intricate for a mere engineer, and nothing came of his efforts. Hardenburg himself went to Washington, and on to London, where his articles soon appeared in the daily Press. Many of the victims of cruelty were British-born negroes from the West Indies. The attention of Sir Edward Grey, as he was then, was drawn to the matter, and a commission of inquiry was set up.

I had heard faint rumours of the impending inquiry away over at Abisinia, but nobody seemed to take it very seriously.

Then one day I went to La Chorrera, and found a number of strange gentlemen breakfasting in dressing-gowns. That was the first time I had seen whisky bottles on the table for that particular meal. Bruce pointed out to me a serious, bearded man, walking by himself. "That is the head of the commission," he said. "He has been investigating this sort of thing in Africa, in some place called Congo."

"Who is he?"

"Señor Roger Casement."

That was my first sight of the tragic Irishman, Consul-General for Britain in Rio de Janeiro, shortly to be knighted, and doomed to the scaffold in the Tower of London for the crime of high treason.

Casement and I did not get on too well together whenever interpreting or other circumstances caused us to meet. While quite aware of the terrible state of affairs in the Putumayo, I could not help feeling that he attached too much weight to the tales of certain negroes who were more anxious to please than to tell the truth. When they discovered that the strange gentleman wanted horrors, the black playboys would go on elaborating and inventing till the cows came home. And I had been too long away from civilisation to be able to hide my opinions successfully.

Casement imagined that I resented his interference, and told the select committee as much. Later I saw a cutting from the London "Times," in which he referred to me as an Irish-Australian-American citizen who had threatened that something might happen to him if he visited my plantation. "(Laughter)" was inserted at the end of this particular statement, and that about sums the matter up.

The managers perjured themselves nobly, swearing that they had given the strictest orders for the humane treatment of the workers. They had never ordered the Indians to bring in an arroba per man every fortnight, which meant a kilo of rubber a day in Peru, where there are twelve and a half kilos to the arroba, as against fifteen in Brazil. They had never, never flogged a native, and as for shooting one—words failed them at the very idea.

But the commission was not to be hoodwinked. When it had concluded its sittings the judge ordered the arrest and trial of 175 managers, foremen, and others, on enough charges to keep the Old Bailey busy for the next forty years. Then the fun began. Every available Indian was set to cutting down trees and hollowing them out into canoes. They were not encouraged to loiter over the job either. Such a cloud of cursing and blasphemy hung over the banks of the Igaraparana that it could almost be cut with a knife.

Then a flotilla of murderers, sadists and scoundrels paddled feverishly down the Igaraparana, Putumayo and Amazon until they were safe beyond the frontier. A few were picked up and taken to Iquitos, but the majority slipped through by night, collected their arrears of wages, and started rubber-gathering afresh up the Purus river, in Brazil.

The effects of the commission may have made them mend their ways a trifle, but I very much doubt it.

Aguerro, manager of Abisinia, was one of the last to depart. I have read in books of people tearing their hair, but that was the only time I have seen it done. "It is an affront, Burky!" Aguerro shouted. "It is a tragedy! It is unbelievable!"

"Oh, no, Señor Aguerro," said I, grinning. "It is a joke. Oh, Santa Maria, what a joke! Send me a picture postcard from Manaos!" But Aguerro's sense of humour was not working that day, and we parted coldly, and I was made manager in his place.

(To be continued)

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

Book of Job.

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



## INDIAN BREAD BAKER.

They are among the last of the dwindling Redskins of the Navajo tribe in New Mexico, and here is a beauty pushing a load of dough into an open-air oven at Gallup. Every year the many tribes gather here to compete in games and warlike exercises, and the festival lasts three days—and nights, especially the nights, when the braves get liquored-up. The women make their own costumes, and their necklaces are of animals' teeth.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey!—the Strand!"

## JANE

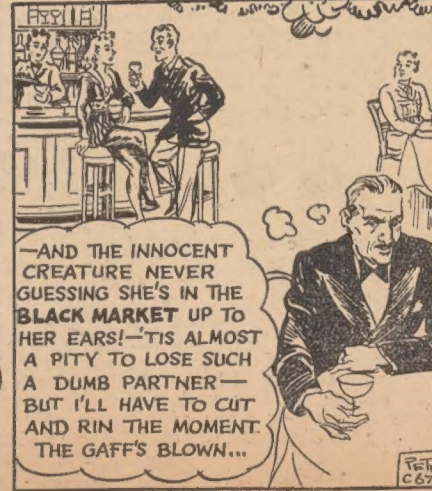


SURE YE'VE A WAY WITH YE, MICHAEL BOLONEY!—THERE'S JANE ALREADY DANCING WITH THE DOUGHBOYS—



SAY, WHERE D'YA GET YOUR ROSY LIPS, SISTER?—AND MY CUTIE'D GIVE HER EYES FOR SOME NAIL VARNISH AND POWDER LIKE YOURS!

WELL—SPEAKING OFF THE RECORD, SOLDIER—I COULD LET YOU HAVE SOME—BUT IT'S EXPENSIVE...



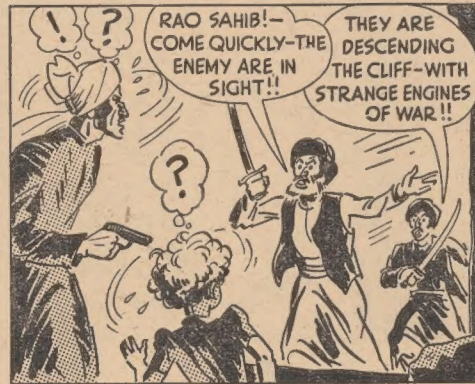
—AND THE INNOCENT CREATURE NEVER GUESSING SHE'S IN THE BLACK MARKET UP TO HER EARS!—TIS ALMOST A PITY TO LOSE SUCH A DUMB PARTNER—BUT I'LL HAVE TO CUT AND RIN THE MOMENT. THE GAFF'S BLOWN...



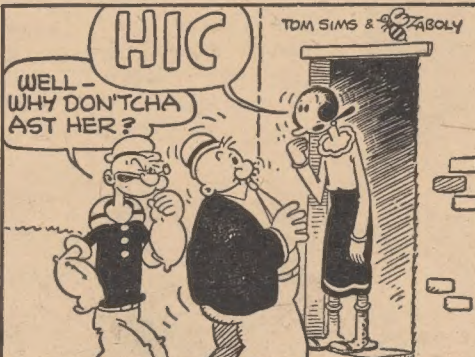
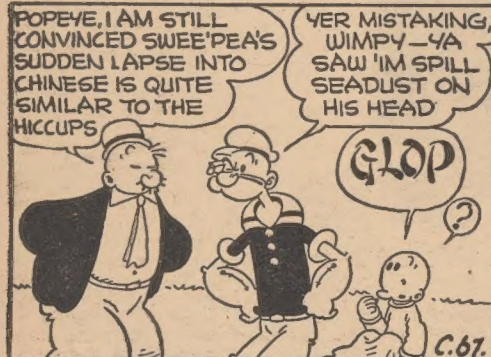
## BEELZEBUB JONES



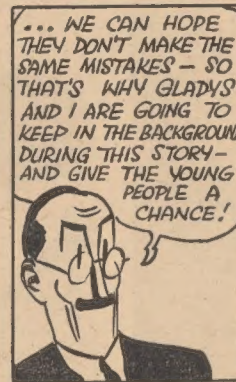
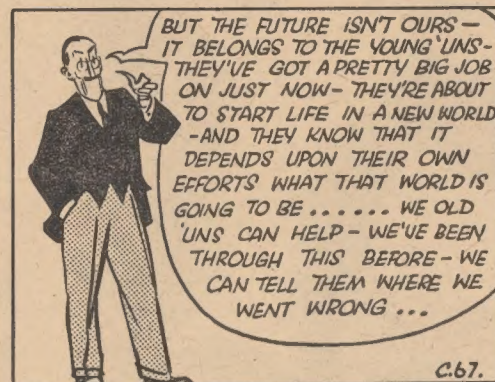
## BELINDA



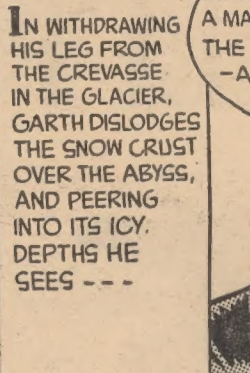
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## STRANGE SWEET HOMES

By Robert De Witt

LORD PORTAL not long ago opened over 100 Nissen huts, originally designed for the Army, but now converted into emergency houses. No one pretended that in appearance these were perfect homes, but the thousands of applicants believed they were preferable to lodgings, billets and sub-lets.

There are 5,000 of these huts in Scotland, and after the war there will be many thousands in Britain. Conversion is quick, and, as an emergency measure, we may see thousands of families living in them while "real" houses are being built.

The 24ft.-span Nissen makes a four-roomed house, with a hall. There are ample built-in cupboards, large windows, fitted wardrobes in the bedrooms, and open fires, as well as an oven in the kitchenette. There are wash-hand basins as well as a bath.

"A home of our own!" That has always been the cry of married people, and when, for one reason or another, no orthodox brick-and-mortar house has been available, they have made some curious and ingenious adaptations. Some of them, of course, have been made, not because of housing shortage, but simply because the desire was for a "different" home.

A previous war gave us the Martello towers on our South Coast. They were the "pill-boxes" built to throw back Napoleon's expected invasion. They were never needed, but later many were converted into unusual houses—with an unbroken sea view.

About 70 of these towers were erected, and their ten-foot-thick walls have stood up to the ravages of time very well.

The Napoleonic wars also gave us other odd buildings—the semaphore towers. These were built for the Admiralty to link Portsmouth and London, but were used only for a few years for the purpose for which they were constructed, as they were replaced by the electric telegraph.

Just before the war, one of the biggest of these, 60 feet high, with six "floors," was being advertised to let at Cobham, Surrey. The only disadvantage of such a building as a home is that, as in a lighthouse, you are always going up or down.

Quite a number of disused lighthouses have been adapted as homes. Sir James Purves-Stewart took the Belle Tout lighthouse at Beachy Head, and Viscount Elmley the Winterton lighthouse.

A cave used as a holiday home in a Cornish cove not far from Land's End is bricked and boarded up, has two floors, a staircase, and attractive door and windows.

The great community of cave-dwellers, however, is in Staffordshire, where many centuries ago men cut houses out of the rocks. The modern cave-dwellers have built porches and even tall chimneys.

Some sixty years ago a row of these "cave cottages" were condemned, and a little church built close at hand specially for the cave-dwellers remains as a curiosity.

Churches have been converted into cottages. One of them was at Barsby, Leicestershire, where, for some reason, the church was never consecrated. It was later converted into cottages, the tower remaining intact, and let at 10s. a week.

With the development of motor transport after the last war, many railway stations went out of use. They were eagerly snapped up as houses, waiting-rooms turned into living-rooms and ticket-halls into bedrooms!

In six years before the present war, the conversion of 20 stations, most of them in Wales, was reported.

A disused prison in the Midlands was converted into flats, and a 100-foot-high water tower near London into a home that had the advantage of being so high that dust and dirt did not penetrate. The eight octagonal windows gave remarkable views.

Homes made from converted buses, trams, railway coaches, and even large aircraft fuselages, have been innumerable. After the 1914 war there was quite a colony near one aerodrome living in the huge crates in which aircraft were packed, with windows and doors inserted!

Amongst the remarkable homes recorded were two coke ovens and a deserted menagerie in Scotland!

Disused wind- and water-mills and Sussex oast houses and barns have been "converted" at great expense to provide homes which are picturesque, yet have electricity, central heating, and other amenities.

A trawler on the Suffolk coast, with walls and roof built on it, provided a holiday home for a girls' school, and a cottage near Bognor Regis was a 400-year-old boat with roof and chimney added.

Amongst the remarkable transformations of buildings from their original purposes may be mentioned the chapel of Rye Monastery. After being dissolved by Henry VIII, it became in turn a malthouse, barn, theatre, provision store, and Salvation Army barracks!

Churches and chapels have become blacksmith shops, butcher shops, and gun factories.



# Good Morning

## A "UNIVERSAL" FAVOURITE

Beautiful Maria Montez, who stars with Sabu and Jon Hall in Universal's technicolor film, "Arabian Nights."



## *This England*

No matter how large or small your home town, there's always a "Main Street." Here is "The Street," the main village thoroughfare of Castle Combe, Wiltshire.



"Just in case you haven't seen a cow for a hell of a long time!"



CAUGHT  
WITH HIS  
TROUSERS  
DOWN



"Now, do they, or do they not, supply the black and white wool for striped jerseys?"

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A bare-faced attempt to escape."

